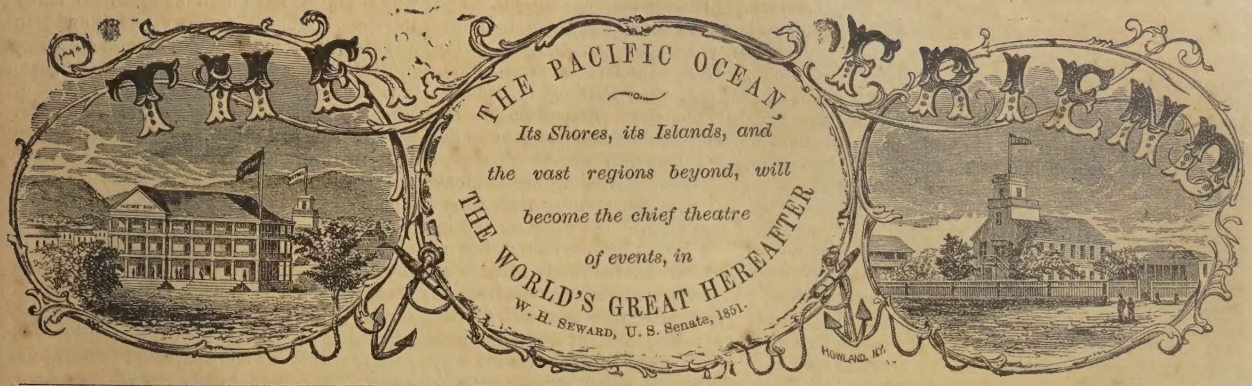

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THE FRIEND.
OCTOBER 1, 1877.

New United States Minister Resident.

Our new Minister Resident, General J. M. Comly, has entered upon his official duties, coming with a good war-record and reputation as a successful journalist, having for many years managed the *Ohio State Journal*, one of the oldest papers of the West. He served during the war, only one grade below President Hayes. They were companions, on more than a score of hard fought battle fields, and have been intimately associated in political and public life.

Our limits will not allow us to republish the addresses of the retiring Minister, Mr. Pierce, or that of the in-coming General Comly, but they were highly appropriate and suited to the occasion. We feel confident His Majesty will find the present incumbent as friendly and conciliatory as has been Mr. Pierce, who for eight years has so honorably represented the United States Government at the Hawaiian Court, during which period has been negotiated the Treaty of Reciprocity, which is operating so eminently beneficial to the business and commercial interests of both countries.

☞ The Rev. Joseph Cook, commences his winter course of lectures in Boston *to-day*, at 12 o'clock, and they are to be continued every Monday, until the 1st of May 1878. The grand subject—*influence of modern German thought upon America*. If the present course equals in brilliancy and power the former, the modern Athenians have a rich intellectual repast in store.

"Fear God, Honor the King."—This was the apostle Peter's doctrine, and it is ours. Considering what God hath said about the Sabbath, while it is highly proper on all suitable occasions, to honor the King by firing a Royal Salute, we think so far as a salute on that Day is concerned, it would be more honorable to His Majesty to follow Shakespeare's idea:

"But to my mind.—though native here
And to the manner born.—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance."

As to the exchange of salutes between national vessels and the government on the Sabbath, we have always admired our good old Governor Kekuanaoa's reply, when a messenger announced that a certain vessel of war recently arrived, was prepared to exchange a salute. The Governor was in Church at the time, (a highly suitable place for a Governor or any of the King's officers on that day) when the messenger arrived, the Governor replied "*apopo*"—to-morrow.

Cassell's Family Bible.—While glancing over new books at Whitney's bookstore, which he was just opening from London, our attention was arrested by a beautiful copy of Cassell's Family Bible. Without speaking in words of exaggeration, the illustrations are excellent and numerous. We have been carefully examining this edition of the Bible, and can most cordially recommend it, for the type, references, notes, illustrations and general execution are most perfect. It contains "more than 500 engravings." Some of these are of the best description; artists and publishers have executed their work well. The engravings are really a good commentary; those of Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, and other ancient cities are reproduced in a style reflecting the highest credit upon the artists. They are most life-like. The price is only $12.00.

—Mr. Whitney has for sale Bibles in various other styles of printing and binding.

☞ We would acknowledge papers, for gratuitous distribution, from Mrs. G. H. Dole and Hon. H. A. Peirce.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—No. 9

FRIBOURG AND ITS FAMOUS ORGAN.

Lake Zurich, June 3, 1877.

The journey from Geneva to Zurich is rendered especially interesting by the opportunity which is afforded of visiting Berne and Fribourg, which lie on the route. It seemed a little odd, as you can imagine, to be leaving Geneva, where I had been for so many months, and going away from the pleasant circle which had been so marked a feature of the winter's life there. But one of the characteristic features of a life of travel is the parting and the "good-bye" which come with nearly every day. Those who come abroad should certainly know Geneva well, it is worth far more than a swift summer visit, and beautiful as it is when the warm lights of May and June soften the landscape, yet one sees the Geneva of thought and action best in winter, with its conferences, lectures, addresses, etc. If any of our families are thinking of coming for a year to Europe I hope they will give Geneva its due attention. But this is not Fribourg certainly, but rather a parting look back at the old Calvinistic city which has lain like a scroll before me from the sunny days of December to the fragrant twilights of June. Switzerland undergoes the most complete metamorphosis of any country in the world with the coming of summer. From a lonely silent world of icy wastes and solemn forests, it becomes the play-ground of all Europe and its passes and lakes and glaciers and mountains are the delight of innumerable tourists who come like an army from the beginning of summer till the early days of autumn. Just now the current of travel has set in and all the trains and stations are animated by the faces of those who are seeking rest or pleasure away from busy, dusty cities amid the cool retreats of these Swiss mountains and valleys. I know that it is extremely democratic but if you want to see the people of the country, you must keep away from the first class cars and compartments and occasionally find a nook somewhere amid the 3rd class passengers. If your pride, especially American pride, can stand this economical venture you will find yourself abundantly repaid. The cars themselves are quite comfortable enough for any one except a confirmed invalid or persistent

aristocrat, and the people thoroughly civil and polite. The peasantry can of course be alone seen here, and they seem to take with remarkable ease to this modern method of travel. There is a sad decline in picturesque costumes however, and the dress of the present day with its lack of artistic possibilities is taking the place of these uniqe arrangements of toilette which have made the Swiss such agreeable additions to the pictures and sketches which have filled the portfolios of artists wandering in their valleys and by their lake. Occasionally you catch glimpses of people in their national costume; a woman with her bodice brilliant with silver chains, or another with her head ornamented with a wide spreading bow of ribbon, reaching out like two wings, but the romance of the quaint and curious fancies of the olden time is as a general thing lost under the bonnets and hats and dresses which you would find anywhere among the poor people of New York or London. The mountains with their glittering summits, the foamy streams, the wide reaches of the valleys, with their endless varieties of coloring, still remain, but you must not think that in all other respects you are to find your romantic imaginings fulfilled in coming to Switzerland. But after all, railroads, telegraphs, perfect postal arrangements, hotels, daily papers have their advantages, and you can dispense with a little romance perhaps in the midst of so much comfort. The road from Geneva to Fribourg lies through a very beautiful country, not ever wild or grand, but always beautiful. I was fortunate in my day, in visiting this Catholic city, as it was one of the most important fete days of the year. Every store was closed but the whole town was out in holiday costume. All the long winding streets were converted into avenues of freshly leaved trees, as countless boughs had been cut from the groves about the city and placed in front of nearly every house. The effect of all this bright, fresh summer beauty among the old houses and springing magically from the pavements was very beautiful. In that pleasant, informal way in which travellers oftentimes make acquaintence, I joined company with a young Belgian, who, like myself, would see all there was to be seen. He had been in America, had spent some months in Philadelphia, during our Exposition, and would, if he could have staid in the country, which seems to be a kind of constant lure to Europeans. I must confess that I knew very little else about Fribourg but that it contained one of the most wonderful organs in the world, and of course hurried off to the Cathedral, to be informed that there was only a bare possibility that I could hear it at all. Having several hours of sunlight left we devoted them to seeing the town.

Fribourg has no Lake to give it fame but its streets run down to the swift, tawny waters of the Sarine which winds about the base of the town. Two beautiful suspension bridges, spanning with one splendid leap the valley beyond the town add wonderfully to the landscape. Under the first the river passes and from the second the traveler is favored with a bird's-eye view, which amply repays him for the walk hither. It seems as if the very atmosphere which surrounds the city had caught the spirit of the Fete-day, so suffused is it with radiant sunlight. The Cathedral tower rises like a guardian of the city. Four ancient towers, loom up in the foreground whose history perhaps dates from that far past when Berthold of Zaehringen founded the city. A portion of the ancient wall still remains, and about us on the two banks are beautiful groves of trees. There is just beyond a winding walk among the trees out into the country from which you have a fine view of the Moleson and its snowy cap. A little Catholic church lies on the way and its interior is brilliant with flowers, and pictures and relics. Farther on is a large crucifix bearing the dead Christ. Passing under this ancient portal, which may have served as an entrance to the city in olden times, you reach a little chapel, with an exterior like a Greek temple, "La Chapelle de Lorette," which perches high on the bank and is curiously interesting in its roughly fashioned votive offerings, the simplicity of which would be amusing, were there not something pathetic in the spirit which prompted their donors. After having been so long in Geneva, I feel almost as if I was transported into some different world, as I meet these reminders of superstition and Catholicism on every hand. The great wave of the reformation seems to have left unharmed its saints, crucifixes, relics and statues and its peculiar middle age atmosphere. Our way leads us back past the cafes where the men are gathered for their afternoon's amusement, and through quiet streets, winding up to the public Place, with its statue of Pere Girard, one of the men, the memory of whose goodness still survives. At one side is a grand linden tree, still putting forth its leaves in its old age, though one would have said that long ago it was entitled to a rest and perfect freedom from effort. For the story runs that after the battle of Morat in 1476 a young Fribourgeois, ran the long distance to announce to his fellow citizens the result of the battle, but could only shout "Victoire" as he fell dead from exhaustion. The branch of linden which he bore in his hand was immediately planted and to-day we have the sturdy growth of four hundred years, as a silent witness to the heroic deed, which we will hope is founded on truthful and authentic history. Fribourg has its famous Jesuitical seminary, now however closed, its Hotel de Ville, but the great attraction is the church of St. Nicholas or rather the organ which it contains. I fairly haunted the cathedral for fear that possibly I might have to go away without really hearing a note from the pipes which lifted themselves so silently in the rear of the church. But after many efforts and inquiries I achieved my object. The church itself is a fine Gothic structure and its interior was rendered especially beautiful by the verdant boughs which were fastened to each stone pillar and made the nave very bright and fete-like. A kind hearted concierge with a tongue running glibly in French and German, showed me hither and thither, the altar, and the side chapels, with their pictures and flowers, and bones and skulls, in cases and ornamented most profusely, recalling some saint or martyr in name if not in reality. As the twilight gathered I came back again and in the dim half-lighted church waited for the music, whose praises have been sung by so many travelers. And it came very full and rich and powerful filling the church and rising in great waves of sound to the arches above. The organist played for about a half or three quarters of an hour giving us in that time four or five pieces, which enabled him to introduce many of the remarkable *effects* of which this famous organ is capable. The *Tempest* is very grand and the thunder peals forth with a terrible reality, crashing and resounding, and then dying away in the distance, in the most perfect imitation of that far off sound which is so agreeable a change after the fierce tumult which has preceeded it. Far above the wild, and stormy war of the tempest, could be heard the sweet, clear, flute-like notes of the organ, like a hymn of peace in the midst of tumult. It seemed almost impossible that the same instrument could produce such utterly different music. The human-voice is wonderfully well imitated and after the music was over I asked if the organist had not been singing, as he played. Though I had thought that it might be the *vox humana*, yet I was scarcely prepared for anything so remarkably real and true, rising and falling with the sweet, melodious tenderness of some voice in the distance, or rather as the mingled cadence of two voices, not ever strongly, sharply marked but causing you to listen hoping that the next note would make it sure whether you were really being deceived or not. Then the *echoes* which we listened to; so soft and sweet, that they are more like the quiet hint of the firm strong notes which preceded them, than any *real* sounds from the same instrument. But it is impossible for me to give you as I would like to do the wonderful music of this Fribourg organ,—a task as difficult as it would be to endeavor to translate into plain prose the beauty of these June days on the banks of Lake Zurich. After the concert I followed the man who has the arduous duty of working the bellows, up into the loft where the enormous apparatus is placed which is necessary to furnish the air for all the thunder and music to which we had just been listening. We had been enjoying an immense deal while this poor fellow must have been working with all his energy, "treading out the air." The organ itself extends up into the tower of the church, and from the front is in no especial degree striking in appearance, nothing at all like the magnificent proportions of the Boston organ, or that in the Tabernacle in Salt Lake. One can judge something however of its size, when he considers that it has seven thousand eight hundred pipes, some of which are thirty feet high. The banks of keys and rows of stops or rather handles are enough in themselves to daunt any but the most experienced performer and one would feel some hesitancy in venturing upon unknown ground for fear he might unchain more tempests than he could command. I was more than pleased with all that I had heard, but still I had not been so impressed with the music that I felt as I remember a young lady once told me she and her party almost involuntarily did in coming out of the church, imagine there was rain outside as a necessary consequence of this storm. F. W. Damon.

Opium Smuggling.

When the Hawaiian Government passed a law for the good morals of the community and the protection of the subjects of this kingdom, it was naturally to be expected that some evil disposed persons, for the mere love of "filthy lucre," would endeavor to evade the law, by smuggling. We should suppose such persons had found their attempts somewhat hazardous to both their pockets and reputation. It has been found that persons detected in this violation of law, have been most fearfully ashamed of their conduct and were ready to pay almost any sum of money if they could escape exposure. We cannot speak for Chinese smugglers, but we know such to have been the fact with those professing to pass as honorable Americans and others. It has been found anything but a reputable business. We have now a suggestion to make, that hereafter all detected in this illegal business, have their names and residences published in the newspapers, as the names of persons are now published in the New York papers, who are regarded as the *meanest men*, viz: men who have discharged their clerks because they left their employ for a short time to quell the riot!! The names of all smugglers are, of course, upon the records of the Police Court, and should the list be increased, it might be proper to publish them. We also suggest to newspaper editors on the coast, in Oregon and California, that they warn all engaged in the Sandwich Islands trade against smuggling. The chances of success are pretty small.

There was some competition a few years ago for the honor of being the "wickedest man in New York City." The present strife is for the title of the "meanest man." It belongs without doubt to the employer who discharges a clerk because he was called off for a week to do military duty in defending the State from mob violence. A list of fourteen such is published; most of them, however, offer some other explanation for the discharge. The only three who appear to actually court the pre-eminent disgrace are Abraham Fowler, painter, cor. 35th St. and 8th ave.; George C. Grundy, hardware dealer, 165 Greenwich St., and David Levy, pawnbroker, 52 Warren St.—*Christian Union.*

New York *Commercial:* It was a Vassar girl who, when a sailor of forty years' voyaging had been pointed out to her as an "old salt," subsequently alluded to him as an "ancient chloride of sodium."

"A solemn murmur of the soul
Tells of a world to be,
As travelers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the shore."

Gratitude.—The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh commemorated his wedding anniversary by forwarding a donation of £5,000 to the funds of the United Presbyterian Mission in Egypt. His wife was in connection with the Egyptian Mission of that church.

This celebrated ex-King of India, born in heathenism but having been brought under the influence of American Missions in Northern India, is a full believer in their good effects. He does not go wandering about the world asking "Have not Missions failed?" or "Is it not money thrown away, to give for the support of Missions?" But, putting his hand into his pocket gives one fifth of his annual stipend received from the British Government for the support of a Mission in Egypt where his wife was educated.

The Smallest Book in the World.—A search is going on for the smallest book in the world. One has been found seven-eighths of an inch long, half an inch wide, and a little more than an eighth of an inch thick. Its title-page reads as follows: "Schloss's English Bijou Almanac for 1842, poetically illustrated by the Hon. Mrs. Norton; published by A. Schloss, Fancy Stationer to H. R. H. the Dchs. of Kent, 12 Berners str., Oxford str." The book is illustrated with portraits of the Princess Royal of England, then an infant, Charles Dickens, Rachel, Herr Standigl, Ellen Tree, and John Murray. The type is very small, and was probably cast especially for this and similar books, but it is perfectly legible to persons of ordinary good sight. Is there any smaller book than this in the world?

The Largest Book in the World.—The trustees of the British Museum are in treaty for the purchase of the largest book in the world. Toward the close of the seventh century, the reigning Emperor of China appointed an Imperial Commission to reprint in one vast collection, all native works of interest and importance in every branch of literature. In the beginning of the following century the commissioners completed their labors, and were able to lay before the emperor a very palpable proof of their diligence in the shape of a compilation consisting of 6,109 volumes, entitled, "Kin ting koo kin too shoo tselh ching," or, "An Illustrated Imperial Collection of Ancient and Modern Literature."

A Noble Gift.—Mr. Robert Barbour, of Bolesworth Castle, Cheshire, has given £10,000 for the endowment of a professorship in the London Presbyterian College. To a minister now in Otago, Mr. Barbour said, on the occasion of his settlement in England, "Be sure and give me the chance of having a brick in any church erections, school or church, which you may originate." The minister in question gave him the chance of helping five times during a ministry of ten years. It is pleasing to learn that age has not freezed the genial current of his soul.—*Evangelist*, Dunedin, Nov. 1876.

Just Received from Boston!

AND FOR SALE AT COST PRICE AT the Bible Depository, Sailor's Home, a few copies of the following valuable books:

Grace and Truth.....by Dr. W. P. Mackay
Wondrous Love.....by D. L Moody
Various Addresses..... " "
Dorothea Trudel or The Prayer of Faith.....
Tell Jesus.....by Mrs Anna Shipton
Cottage on the Rock..... " "
Asked of God..... " "
Promise and Promiser..... " "
Various Addresses.....by Rev J Denham Smith
The Christian Hero.....by Rev J Macpherson
Ourselves.....by Brownlow North
Yes or No..... " "
Shadow and Substance.....by S A Blackwood
Triumph of Faith..... " "
The Soul and its Difficulties.....by H W Stolteau
The Blood of Jesus.....by Rev William Reid

Also, a variety of small Books by the above authors.

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THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, 150 Nassau Street, New York City, has established a DEPOSITORY AT 757 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, with Rev Frederick E Shearer as District Secretary for the Pacific Coast. This Depository is the Head-quarters of the Coast for ALL SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE, and has the special agency for the CALIFORNIA BIBLE SOCIETY. THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, CONGREGATIONAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY, PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION, HENRY HOYT, ROB'T CARTER & BRO., RANDOLPH & CO., and other leading publishers. SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES will be selected with great care, and sold at New York prices and discounts. BOOKS WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO MINISTERS at the discount allowed by New York Houses, and postage added,—the price and postage payable in United States Currency. Thus Sunday Schools and Ministers will be supplied at New York rates, and receive any book to be found in San Francisco in the shortest possible time.

Special Notice. Information Wanted

Respecting William Littlefield, who left England about fifty years ago, on board the whaling ship *Fame*, for a cruise in the Pacific, and reported as wrecked at the Marquesas Islands. The ship is reported to have been taken to Valparaiso, and there condemned. There was a report that said William Littlefield left the Marquesas Islands and came to Honolulu with two of his shipmates. He had two brothers, James and Cornelius. The latter went to America, and is now living with his son, William Littlefield, 168 East 82d street, New York City. If any information can be furnished it will be most gratefully received. Letters may be addressed to William Littlefield 168 East 82d street, New York, or to the Editor of The Friend, or *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, Honolulu.

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PACKAGES OF READING MATTER—Of Papers and Magazines, back numbers—put up to order at reduced rates for parties going to sea. 1y

THE FRIEND.

OCTOBER 1. 1877.

"The Ship of State!"

The Ship of State, above her skies are blue,
But still she rocks, a little, it is true;
And there are passengers, whose faces white
Show they don't feel as happy as they might.
Yet, on the whole, her crew are quite content
Since its wild fury the typhoon has spent;
And willing if her pilot thinks it best
To head a little nearer south by west;
And this they feel, the ship came to near wreck
In the long quarrel for the quarter deck.
Now when she glides serenely on her way,
The shallows past, where dread explosives lay,
The stiff obstructives churliest game to try,
Let sleeping dogs and still torpedoes lie.
And so I give you all "The Ship of State!"
Freedom's last venture is her priceless freight.
God speed her, keep her, bless her, while she steers
Amid the breakers of unsounded years.
Lead her through danger's path with even keel,
And guide the honest hand that holds her wheel.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Syrian Protestant College.

We are happy to welcome amongst us the Rev. D. S. Dodge (son of the Hon. W. E. Dodge of New York), who has been engaged for several years in building up a college in Beirut, Syria, after the American type, and the institution is now in successful operation with its corps of professors and under-graduates. Temporary buildings were put up in 1865, but new and commodious edifices were erected in 1872-3. "The language of the college is exclusively Arabic," which is spoken "from the Ganges to Liberia, from the Pruth and the Caucasus and the Oxus to the Cape of Good Hope." Beirut is a growing city of 80,000 inhabitants. This college originated among the friends of American missions. W. A. Booth of New York is President of the Board of Trustees and Hon. W. E. Dodge is Treasurer.

It was our privilege in January, 1870, to visit Beirut and there meet the Rev. Mr. Dodge, who was then acting Professor of English Literature in the college.

No greater honor can accrue to Americans and American missionaries, than to establish colleges in foreign lands like Roberts' college of Constantinople and the Syrian Protestant College of Beirut. Similar institutions are starting into existence in other parts of the Turkish Empire, in Japan, in India, and in Brazil.

☞ Rev. Mr. Dodge occupied the Bethel Pulpit yesterday morning, preaching an excellent sermon from the text, John 7:37, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink," and in the evening, he addressed a large audience in Fort Street Church, upon the "Syrian Mission."

THE ALGÆ OR SEA-MOSSES.—Of late years, our Island ferns have attracted a good deal of attention, but it was not until lately that any one was found to be a sufficiently pains-taking and devout student of nature, to spend days weeks and months, wandering over our reefs, and along our coral-girt islands, to gather and examine our sea mosses. Such a man has at last appeared, Mr. Evarts Chamberlain, compelled in consequence of ill health to forego the practice of professional duties, and literary pursuits, he has undertaken the study of one genus of plants,—the Algæ. He has become an enthusiast in this study and finds over one hundred species of sea-mosses, which are exceedingly beautiful. The specimens we have seen are exquisitely delicate and fairy-like, and we fancy must have been wrought out and spun by sea-nymphs of marvelous refinement and taste. Mr. Chamberlain combines missionary labor with his explorations, thus visiting Hawaiians in their huts and in the most remote localities. Among the old natives, in their study and knowledge of the Bible, he is happy to find many manifest foot-prints of the old missionaries. Mr. Chamberlain is a collector of Algæ, for the Professor of Botany, in Cambridge University, Mass.

"Pres. Clark of the Agricultural College in Japan has had a safe return to Amherst, Mass., and a hearty reception there by his old associates and the citizens generally. He says he has seen much during his absence to make him proud of his American citizenship, but has also found that not all the great and noble men reside in Amherst or in Massachusetts; no, nor in the United States either."

— We believe it is Bacon, who says, "reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man and writing an exact man." He might have added, that travel taketh out of a man, his self conceit and personal vanity, and leads him not longer in the language of Coleridge, or some one else, "to take off his hat when speaking of himself," or to ever boast of his country, "I am a Yankee," "I am a Britisher."

CHASE'S ISLAND PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS.—At A. L. Smith's, in Fort Street, will be found some most excellent photographic views of Island scenery. One taken of Honolulu from Punch Bowl, is admirable, and another of the interior of Haleakala, on Maui, is the next best to seeing that greatest of extinct volcanoes on our globe. These and others have been recently taken by Mr. Chase, and are a vast improvement upon views of former years. The prices are very reasonable.

☞ Capt. Eldredge of the whaling brig *Onward*, left Ponape or Ascension, July 14. Mission families all well. Mr. Logan had left that day for Ebon. Capt. E. having known the Ponapians in former years speaks in the highest terms of the success of the mission work.

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

Aug. 25—Am bk Helen W Almy, Widdonson, 16 days from San Francisco.
Sept. 6—Am schr Gen Harney, Tripp, 16 dys from San Fran
6—Brit bk Madura, Stanton, 18 days from San Fran'co
7—Am bk W A Holcomb, Dunton, 35 dys from Baker's Island.
7—Haw schr Wailele, Sears. 19 days from San Fran.
11—P M S City or Sydney, Dearborn, 18 dys fm Sydney
11—Am bk Edward James, O'Brien, — dys fm Portland
12—Am bktne Jos Perkins, Johnson, 24 days from Port Townsend.
12—U S training-ship Jamestown, Com Glass, from Lahaina, Maui.
15—Am bktne Discovery, Shepherd, 15½ days from San Francisco.
18—Am bktne Jane A Falkinburg, Hubbard, 17 days from Astoria, O.
18—Am brig T W Lucas, Wentworth, 27 days fm Port Gamble.
19—Haw brig Julia M Avery, Avery, 18 days from San Francisco.
20—Haw bk Mattie Macleay, Pope, 19 days fm Astoria.
20—R M S Zealandia, Chevalier, 7½ dys from San Fran.
21—Am bk D C Murray, Fuller, 12 days from San Fran.
29—Haw wh brig Onward, Eldridge, from a cruise, with 300 bbls sperm.
30—Haw bk R C Wylie, Halterman, 130 days fm Bremen

DEPARTURES.

Aug. 27—H B M's sloop Albatross, Com E Rice. for Victoria.
27—Haw schr Giovanni Apiani, Weeks, for Fanning's and Washington Islands.
28—Am bktne Monitor, Emeson, for Humboldt.
Sept. 1—Am bktne Wm H Deitz, Endicott, for San Fran'co.
6—Brit sh Abeona, Grosart, for Portland, O.
8—Haw bk Courier, Ahlborn, for San Francisco.
10—Am bk Harriet N Carleton, Harkness, fr Hongkong
11—P M S City of Sydney, Dearborn, for San Francisco
17—Am wh bk Hunter, Whitney, for cruise.
19—Brit bk Madura, Stanton, for Jarvis Island.
19—Am bktne Jos Perkins, Johnson, for Port Gamble.
20—R M S Zealandia, Chevalier, for Sydney.
21—Haw brig Julia M Avery, Avery, for Wailua, Kauai
22—Am bk B W Almy, Widdonson, for San Francisco.
26—Am brig T W Lucas, Wentworth, for Port Townsend.
27—U S training-ship Jamestown, Commander Glass, to cruise.
17—Am bktne Discovery, Smith, for Port Townsend.
29—Am bk W A Holcomb, Dunton, for the guano isles

MEMORANDA.

REPORT OF AM BKTNE JANE A FALKINBURG, HUBBARD, MASTER.—Sailed from Astoria Sept 2d. Had light westerly for 6 days, then NE remainder of the passage. Sighted Molokai at 5 a m of the 18th, and came into port the same day.

REPORT OF AM BRIG T W LUCAS, WENTWORTH, MASTER.—Sailed from Port Townsend Aug 22d. Had a heavy gale from SE the first two days out, thence light SW winds to lat 31°, then had fresh NE trades within two days sailing of port.

REPORT OF HAW BRIG JULIA M AVERY, AVERY, MASTER.—First part of the passage stormy and latter light breeze. Sept 14th saw a large ship, supposed her to be a man-of-war, standing to the northward.

REPORT OF R M S ZEALANDIA, CHEVALIER, COMMANDER.—Sept 12th, 0.20 p m cast off from P M S S Co's wharf, San Francisco; 1.40 passed through Golden Gate; 1.55 discharged pilot. Experienced strong northwesterly breeze till afternoon of the 13th, afterwards moderate and fine. Received pilot on board at 7.30 a m of the 20th, and made fast to wharf 8 a m.

R McDONALD, Purser.

REPORT OF HAW BK MATTIE MACLEAY, GEO POPE, MASTER.—Left Astoria Sept 1st, 4 p m, and crossed the Columbia Bar same night, and was becalmed off the bar for 48 hours. On Tuesday, when 60 miles SW of the bar spoke the Am bk Rosetta McNear, 20 days from San Francisco, bound for Puget Sound. Had light winds and moderate weather throughout the whole passage. Arrived off Diamond Head on Wednesday, 7 p m, and came into port at 8 a m of the 20th.

REPORT OF AM BK D C MURRAY, FULLER, MASTER.—Left San Francisco at 1 p m on Saturday, Sept 8th, in tow of tug Joe Redmond. Started with a light westerly wind, which increased gradually to a fresh NW wind, and after blowing four days hauled into the trades, which continued till Sept 19th, when the wind hauled to ESE with rain. Sept 20th, at 6 a m, saw East Maui bearing NW, about 20 miles distance; at 8 a m saw Molokai.

PASSENGERS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Helen W Almy, Aug 25:—E F Enos, E Kistler, and 29 Chinamen.

FOR PORTLAND—Per Abeona, Sept 6:—Mr Morrell.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Madura, Sept 6:—J A Hassinger, Miss M A Widger, R F Coleman, W R Coleman, Byron Adonis, Frank Edwards, Thos Green.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Gen Harney, Sept 6:—Capt Russell, Chas Gliddon, Jas Castine, E P Wheeler.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per Courier, Sept 8:—J Warburton.

FOR HONGKONG—Per Harriet N Carleton, Sept 10:—Mr Memel and wife, Master Memel and 46 Chinamen.

FROM PORTLAND—Per Edward James, Sept 11:—W Moffett, wife and 3 children, Miss Sexton, W Allen, J Stephens, C F Kuehn, A B Starbuck, D Green, C Nelson, Theo Zeagers, F B Peacock, R Dowling, L Young.

FROM SYDNEY—Per City of Sydney, Sept 11:—A Andrews, Mrs Jno Wilson,

For San Francisco—Per City of Sydney, Sept 11:—His Ex no O Dominis, A C Wight, B H Austin, wife and 2 children, S G Bacon, H Austin, Mrs H H Noble and maid, B Johstone, A Young, A Welch, Dr A M Shew, B W Sears, G F Kutz, wife child and nurse, Mrs C A Brough, Miss C A Brough, Mrs E B Meyers, W N Armstrong and wife, Miss Ludlow, C E Bancroft, J Titcomb, Mrs Brown, J H Coney and 2 daughters, Mrs Hatfeles, B F Chapman, A Herbert, T J Godfrey, A de Bretterville, J George, wife and 6 children, F P Quinn, W J Fletcher and wife, E Koepke, C Taylor, Mrs A Warburton, E Aymar, J Mendoza, Thos Conlin, Jas Seavers, C Colwell, R Brotherton, W Kirby, A Fraser, Mrs Dodge and child, Jos Johnson, Mr Windship, wife and 2 children, and 3 chinamen.

From San Francisco—Per Discovery, Sept 15th—G W Pascoe, J E Claussen, C Hamberger, C E Miller, B Barry.

From Astoria—Per Jane A Falkinburg, Sept 19th—Mrs Joseph, Miss Anna L Miller.

From San Francisco—Per Julia M Avery, Sept 19th—M Clarke, T Robertson, wife and child, L Adler, wife and 4 children, D P Guffiths, Thos Claments, Chas Miller.

From Portland—Per Mattie Macleay, Sept 20th—Rev Alex Macintosh and wife.

From San Francisco—Per Zealandia, Sept 20th—General Comby, wife, 3 children and servant, Miss Alice Moyle, S Magnin and nephew, S L Cran and wife, W F Cheney, H E Whitney, C Cooke, Mrs T R Foster, Mrs E Gothe, M Hyman, E Morey, J M Oat, jr, Mrs Williams and daughter, S Dodge, Miss Conner, Dr A Kennedy, E Conand, 16 in the steerage.

From San Francisco—Per D C Murray, Sept 21—Mr Hayselden and wife, Mrs Frear and daughter, Mrs Humphreys, Mrs S Thompson, Misses Lizzie and Maggie McKeague, Miss Emily Donnell, Col S Norris, G Fitzgerald, F G Barker, Geo Hodson, Jas Alexander, R Quinton and 22 Chinamen.

For San Francisco—Per H W Almy, Sept 22—C King, G Ward.

MARRIED.

McCorriston—Foster.—At Halawa, Molokai, Aug 19th by the Reverend Father Damien, Hugh McCorriston to Mrs M L Foster. ☞ Davenport papers please copy.

In Honolulu, Sept. 13th, by Rev. S. C. Damon, Manene to Lauki; Kahelemauna to Helela; and William Kerati to Mahawela; all belonging to Makiki Valley, Oahu.

In Honolulu, Sept. 22d, by Rev. S. C. Damon, Ah Pat to Paukoa; Ah Kiau to Elekela; Ah Nee to Kalae.

De Acosta—Zablan—In this city Sept 23d, by the Rev Father Hermann, Mr Pedro de Acosta to Mrs Anna Zablan.

DIED.

Moffett.—In Dallas City, Ills, July 10th, at the residence of his uncle, D Welker, Esq, Dr C R Moffett, late of Wailuku, Maui.

Ladd.—In San Francisco, Aug 15th, W Frank Ladd, aged 38 years and six months, eldest son of the late John Ladd, of Honolulu.

Lathrop.—In Wailuku, Maul, Sept 1st, Dr G A Lathrop, a native of New York State.

Kingsley.—In this city, Sept 7th, of consumption, Moses Kingsley alias Jeff Davis, aged 52 years, a native of New Orleans, Lousiana.

Williams—In San Luis Obisbo, Cal., Sept. 6th, of Typhoid fever, after an illness of seven days only, Charles Carshena, son of C. E., and H. A. Williams, of this city, aged 16 years and 22 days.

Bailey.—In Makawao, Maui, on Thursday the 13th of September, Elmer de Vere, aged 13 months, infant son of James C and Lucy D Bailey of Wailuku, Maui.

Glass—In Honolulu harbor on board U S School Ship Jamestown, Sept 25, Mrs Gertrude Glass, wife of Lieut Commander Henry Glass, aged 22 years.

She was the daughter of James D. Thornton, Esq., of San Francisco, where her death will convey sorrow to a large circle of friends and relations. She leaves one child, a daughter of about two years old. Her funeral was attended by many foreign residents and foreign officials of Honolulu, from the residence of Dr. Scott, U. S. Consul. Her remains are temporarily deposited in a tomb in Nuuanu Valley Cemetery, to await their removal to San Francisco.

Information Wanted.

New Bedford, July 9, 1877.

Rev. S. C. Damon—Dear sir: Thomas F. Longill left this port in the ship Sea Breeze Oct. 2, 1875. They touched at Honolulu, where young Longill deserted with a number of others. The parents of Longill are very anxious about him, and requested me to write you to ascertain if possible his whereabouts. Will you be so kind as to make the necessary inquiries, and write me as soon as convenient.

Yours, James D. Butler, Port Chaplain.

Respecting Charles Lunt of Orono, Maine, was officer of a whaleship lost in the Arctic, some years ago. When last heard of was in Honolulu; any information will be thankfully received by his brother James F. Lunt, Virginia City, Nevada, or at the office of the Friend.

Respecting Charles Bessonett, who sailed from New Bedford, in bark Superior, 1852 or 53, and in 1858 was sailing out of Honolulu. Communicate with the editor or Mrs. Sarah A. Gross, Bristell, R. I.

Respecting James R Greene, last heard from on board bark Active at Yokohama. The vessel was condemned at that port. Any information may be sent to Mrs. Elizabeth C. Greene, Southampton, L I, or to F S Pratt, Honolulu.

Respecting Joseph A Ray, formerly of Falmouth, Mass, and once a sailor on board the whaleship "Henry Kneeland." Information desired by the Rev Charles D Ray, 311 East 62 street, New York, or the editor of the Friend.

Visit of General Grant at Geneva.

We learn from the New York *Observer*, that "on July 27th, General Grant laid the corner-stone of a new American Protestant Church in Geneva. Large crowds were present, and hundreds of American flags were displayed from the windows of citizens' houses. The authorities of the city, and also the English and American clergymen of Geneva, were present. Speeches complimentary to General Grant were made by M. Carteret, President of Geneva, and by several of the principal clergymen."

In noticing this important event, we are most naturally led to reflect upon the influence of John Calvin and his opinions and principles, not only upon the religious history of our world during the last three hundred years, but also their influence upon the progress of liberty and the political revolutions throughout the world.

The American historian Bancroft and the English historian, Froude, are esteemed the best historical writers of the age. Our readers, we think will peruse with interest, the following extract, from Bancroft, copied from the first volume of his history of the United States:

"A young French refugee, skilled alike in theology and civil law, in the duties of magistrates and the dialectics of religious controversy, entering the republic of Geneva, and conforming its ecclesiastical discipline to the principles of republican simplicity, established a party, of which Englishmen became members, and New England the asylum. The enfranchisement of the mind from religious despotism led directly to inquiries into the nature of civil government; and the doctrines of popular liberty, which sheltered their infancy in the wildernesses of the newly-discovered continent, within the short space of two centuries, have infused themselves into the life-blood of every rising state from Labrador to Chili, have erected outposts on the Oregon and in Liberia, and, making a proselyte of enlightened France, have disturbed all the ancient governments of Europe, by awakening the public mind to resistless action, from the shores of Portugal to the palaces of the Czars."

The historian Froude, in a lecture delivered in Scotland two or three years since, gave utterance to the following:

"Whatever exists at this moment in England and Scotland of conscientious fear of doing evil is the remnant of the convictions which were branded by the Calvinists into the people's hearts. It was Calvinism which overthrew spiritual wickedness, and hurled kings from their thrones, and purged England and Scotland, for a time at least, of lies and charlatanry. Calvinism was the spirit which rises in revolt against untruth; the spirit which, as I have shown you, has appeared, and reappeared, and in due time will appear again, unless God will be a delusion, and man be as the beasts that perish. For it is but the inflashing upon the conscience of the nature and origin of the laws by which mankind are governed,—laws which exist, whether we acknowledge them or whether we deny them, and will have their way, to our weal or woe, according to the attitude in which we place ourselves toward them,—inherent, like the laws of gravity, in the nature of things, not made by us, not to be altered by us, but to be discerned and obeyed by us at our everlasting peril."

A recent visitor in Geneva, from Boston, writes as follows:

"The traveller is impressed with the quiet and steady ways of Switzerland; it is the freest land of Europe. Its streets are among the best. You scarcely ever see a soldier in Geneva. Yet an army would muster in twenty-four hours, to defend the liberties of the Confederation, that all Europe would respect. So much for the land of John Calvin and for the theology that so many call awful. His however was the truth that maketh free." Rev. G. S. Abbott, "Watchman."

The celebrated Lecturer, Rev. Joseph Cook, gave utterance to the following sentiment, at a meeting of Ministers in Fanieuel Hall, in Boston, last June:

"Plymouth Rock is a piece of granite brocken oft the Alps at Geneva. When were they thrown up? There was an hour on Calvary, when the sun muffled up his face at noon, and the rocks were rent, and then were thrown up the Alps, off which Plymouth Rock was broken."

In this connection, we append a sketch of the old Reformer, which we received from our European correspondent some months since:

JOHN CALVIN.

You will think perhaps that I am going to leave Geneva with scarcely a word about Calvin, the one great and illustrious character in Genevese history which overshadows all others. But he is so great, so tremendous in his will and energy, and spirit-force that for this very reason I find it most difficult to say just what I would about him, and that silence would be a more eloquent tribute. But looking at some of the tangible reminders of his day, and feeling in their presence a nearness and kinship to the century and man which produced them, let us have a quiet talk together about this much-exalted, much-berated Reformer. I wish I could send you a sketch of the old "College," which seems still instinct with his presence. A gray and ancient building, surrounding a large and quiet court, the main portion, supported on arches worn and roughened by age; high and pointed roofs cutting the intense blue of this glorious April sky; looming above them the towers and bells of the Cathedral to the left; windows with their formidable wire screens; recitation rooms untouched by modern improvements and inventions; rows of benches, cut and carved by impressible and restless boys, who would fain leave in this quiet nook some reminders of their names, otherwise unknown to fame. In this antique school house gather some seven hundred eager, active boys and startle by their modern thoughts and nineteenth century-progress the silent generations of students which seem still to have a shelter in these rooms and corridors. The college was founded by Calvin and since his day has been a spot which is connected with the pleasant school-memories of thousands of Genevese boys. Then again there is that quaint, carved chair in the Cathedral, which becomes a kind of throne in the visitor's eyes when he hears that it was Calvin's. And I have told you before, I think about his house in the Rue des Chanonies, where he died. Singular, isn't it, that it should be now occupied by

the Sisters of Charity? Imagine the Reformer's feelings at this invasion of Catholicism; then the cemetery where his body lies, but unmarked by any stone. After all it is very little that remains in the way of material souvenirs of one who was the greatest theologian of any age. No one ever lived who seemed so desirous of losing his personal individuality in the realization of ideas as he, and it would seem that his wishes had received a fulfillment in the scarcity of objects which are connected with memories of his daily life and in the continual and marked presentation of that irresistible and imperial force and will, which seem still a living power.

Of course, as every one knows Calvin was not the founder of the reformation in Geneva. The political and religious storms of generations had prepared the way for this event, and many grand and noble men had a share in its founding; it was left to this timid, shrinking French theologian, passionately devoted to his books and thoughts, to undertake the even more difficult and delicate task of completing that which had already been begun. No one can study the face of Calvin, with its intense lines, its rigid, unyielding features, its almost corpse-like palor, and feel that it is the face of a man to whom life was ever a holiday. So early did great thoughts, incessant study, unbending mental efforts become a part of his every day existence that you look in vain for those tender, care-free, sunny traits, which time and advancing age sometimes leave untouched in faces that have grown grave and earnest, in the midst of trials and struggles. So that in some unexpected moment you catch glimpses of a joyous childhood and youth shining through the after years. In boyhood and youth he was already regarded as possessing remarkable genius, and the Catholic party was not slow to recognize this. But with the force of his tremendous nature, he struggled from the shadows which enveloped him into the clear light of Gospel truth. The history of those early years, his school and University life, his religious change, and his noble stand in the face of opposition are most graphically told by d'Aubigne in his fascinating history. Though entering with an intense interest into the religious questions of the day, he was looking forward to a life of scholarly seclusion, to which his tastes so strongly led him, when one day passing through Geneva, he was addressed by Farel, who in the name of the Lord called him to the work in that city. From this time his life became one of almost superhuman effort. At one time victorious, again in exile, attacked on all sides; coming back in triumph; moulding, forming by the energy of his undaunted spirit a people to the high and lofty ideal of his convictions.

One reads in amazement the record of the life of this man, or rather this all absorbing flame, which seemed to glow and gather strength while the frail and wasting body was scarcely thought of. His house was furnished in the scantiest and plainest manner. Aside from his duties as professor he preached nearly every other day, and often twice on Sundays. Engaged actively in all the affairs of that civic-religious government which he had been the means of founding, and of which he was the virtual chief, visited the sick and made the city his parish. His correspondence was on an enormous scale, embracing Europe in its grasp, each year appeared one or two theological works. In all the theological and controversial contests in which that time was so prolific he held a foremost position, yielding the field to no man. He ate sparingly, his sleep was short and he permitted himself scarcely any exercise. In judging of the man, it is but fair to study the great actuating principle of his life and work—and this was devotion to his God. He felt that silence was a crime. That he stood in the presence of awful truths and realities, and that as an instrument only was he placed in the midst of a wicked world, to do the bidding of the Almighty. Eternal laws, divine decrees, infinite and unchanging principles, unswerving obedience, shut out from his view glimpses of that divine and infinite tenderness, that fatherly and pitying love, which is equally to be noted in our study of God's word. He walked like some ancient prophet, smiting with his unrelenting scourge that which seemed in anywise unclean, yielding to no earthly voices; pointing the people to those mountain heights of stern duty and self-victory, which ever loomed before his vision.

Under this unique regime, Geneva became the stronghold of the new faith, the very Rome of Protestantism. It became the central point toward which converged all the channels of religious thought, and from which issued increasing streams of influence for all Europe. It became the asylum for the persecuted and exiled. Scotland sent hither her famous John Knox. "The Geneva of Calvin was a pulpit and press." Bibles, tracts, theological treatises carried in every direction the new light. Hundreds of young evangelists drew inspiration from the Reformer's life and teachings, and passed on the word to other countries. The voice of the reformation was heard in English, in German, in French, in Italian, and in Spanish.

Luxury, revelling, intemperance were banished. All the loose and wanton life which had gained such ascendency under the rule of the Catholic Bishops fled in dismay before this new and unyielding purity. We see a city of the most severe and heroic cast, living under a sway where religion and that too of the strickest type, was ever uppermost. Each man lived in the constant presence of a life to come. Each family and individual were under the watchful and guardian eye of their appointed leaders. Music, cards and dancing were forbidden. The laws regulated minutely the dress and apparel of each class of citizens. All ornament in gold or silver, all fashionable or excessive dress were laid aside. Profanity, impurity and looseness of life found severest punishment. Only those games calculated to strengthen the body and inspire a military spirit were authorized. The day commenced at five in the morning. The majority of the citizens first repaired to the church. In the afternoon the shops were closed and their owners attended service. The most severe and careful frugality was manifested in the family life; servants ate with their masters and in this city by Lake Leman we see a return to an almost Spartan simplicity of life. But all these restrictions seemed but to give new vigor to life and action. The city grew from year to year; Surely no time has seen more splendid activity of thought and endeavor. A College and Academy arose, with their professors and faculties.

But it is enough in the opinion of some to mention the name of Servetus to dissipate all thought of what Calvin achieved. Year after year this most painful subject is brought up and men seem to enjoy taking the opportunity thus afforded them of lashing the memory of the reformer. That Calvin in this matter lacked the gentleness and humanity which should have characterized him, I think his most ardent admirers will confess. For years Servetus and he sustained a fierce contest in reference to theological differences, which was marked by anything but a charitable spirit. Servetus was a man of decided ability and scrupled not to show his opinions.

While we would not exculpate Calvin from fault in the stand which he took toward him, it cannot be denied that Servetus was a most trying and unpleasant opponent. In those days men threw themselves with a wild and terrible energy into all these theological contests. They regarded those that differed from them, as possessed of the most deadly sin, and launched denunciation and invective and insult on them proportionately. One now regards with amazement the libraries of this belligerent literature which sprung up on subjects, which a wise and charitable spirit would have far more easily settled. The glare of burning faggots and the red axe of the executioner are a sad commentary on that spirit of fanaticism which in the name of religion sought to establish its claims. The world is learning that a surer way to win men and advance truth is to unfurl that banner on which is written "Love." It is no defense to Calvin to say that he acted as was customary in that age, but it may be an explanation. Burdened with the might of his great purpose, every voice raised against it was that of an enemy. His greatness had its faults, and in all this matter he should be justly censured, so far as he forgot that Christian spirit which should have actuated him. The sad and painful tragedy which gives the spot where Servetus was burned, a melancholy interest, will always stand as a witness that no one should be regarded as above the possibility of failure while acting from human promptings. On the other hand the life and magnificent labors of Calvin should not be viewed, as is quite too common, through the smoke of these burning faggots. These should be studied in their proper place, and we are sure that no one can come away from this study without a lively sense of the greatness and earnest purpose of this man, who sought not his own but God's glory. I find the longer I stay in this city on which he has stamped the memory of his name, that my wonder and admiration grow as I learn more of him.

At last even his tireless life must end and calling about him his tried friends and colleagues he bid them adieu, encouraging them to continue the work which had been begun, and giving them his blessing. I have mentioned to you before the picture by Horming which represents this scene. Calvin was married in Strasbourg and had one son, who died when but a few years old. So that in dying the Reformer left no heir to carry forward his name, but instead a name, which will live through all coming time. F. W. Damon.

Death of Capt. James Smith.—This veteran shipmaster,—for many years well known at these islands, first in the whaling business and afterwards from 1851 to 1870 as connected with the line of sailing packets between Honolulu and San Francisco,—died in his native city of New London, Conn., on the 19th of August, aged 77 years and 5 months. From 1812 to 1870—a period of nearly 60 years—Capt. Smith followed the sea, and accumulated a good deal of money—is said to have been at his death worth about $50,000. As is truly remarked by the New London paper in which we find the announcement of his decease, "Personally he was a man of a generous and genial nature, tender-hearted, charitable and sympathetic. In his views, either political or social, he had decided convictions, which no amount of argument or persuasion could change. Positive in all things, he suffered nothing to alter an opinion once formed, but held to it to the last." He was never married, and was one of a family of 12, six boys and six girls. Of these but two are living, Capt. Richard Smith and a sister.—*P. C. Advertiser, Sept. 22.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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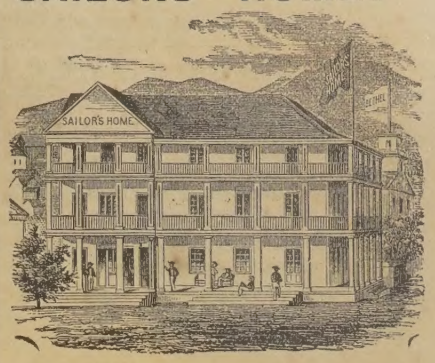

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Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

Silent Influence.

The chilling wind of winter
Was yet upon the hills,
The fetters forged by bitter frosts
Enchained the struggling rills.

I climbed the hoary mountain,
Afar the snow fields spread,
The wind was moaning in the pines,
I thought "all things are dead."

And a sadness o'er my spirit
Crept, from that scene of chill,
My faith was dimmed by bitter doubt,
I thought the world formed ill.

I turned in sorrow homeward,
When lo! a sunbeam, freed
From gloomy gray of cloud above,
Brought me a better creed.

For flashing through a crevice
Rock-sheltered from the storm,
It fell upon a tender cup
Of lovely hue and form.

There on the cold old mountain,
A tiny flower bloomed
A life, when all seemed dead and cold
A light, when all was gloomed.

I felt the load uplifted
And God seemed kind again,
No longer was the landscape drear,
My heart could feel no pain.

So may a kindly action
Redeem a desert soul,
And lead a spirit dark with sin
Unto the heavenly goal. —*Maile.*

Cruelty to Animals.

We welcome an article in a recent number of the *Maile Wreath* suggesting the matter of cruelty to animals in this country. We are sure that no one can go about much in the Islands without noticing and being pained at the very general indifference which exists in regard to the rights of the dumb creatures which are our servants. The evil takes various forms, amongst which may be mentioned cruelly beating, overloading, overdriving and underfeeding animals; driving galled and disabled animals; bleeding calves; the use of tight check-reins; neglect to provide water for cattle; cruelty in the transportation of live animals and fowls to market. Besides positive abuse from thoughtless and quick-tempered men and boys a great amount of suffering is caused to poor beasts by neglect. Horses which have served their time and used up their strength are turned out to pick up such meager sustenance as they can find by the roadside or in the marshes. We recently observed a poor old skeleton of a horse standing half dead on a little ridge of land in one the of Waikiki marshes. Three days after we again saw him in the same spot and attitude, evidently waiting patiently for death to put an end to his starvation. A few days later he had tumbled over into the ditch and ended his misery.

Now such a state of things is a stain on the community. Its influence on the children is ruinous. It leads to the deadening of all moral sense and the disregard of our highest faculties. How shall it be remedied?

If we mistake not there is a tolerably inclusive law on the subject. But it has fallen into sad neglect if not into disuse. A first and long step in the right direction would be taken if the authorities would see that the law is enforced. But however well executed the law cannot reach the real root of the difficulty. What is most needed is a *Society*, backed by the law which shall keep the matter before the people and create a public sentiment against all abuse and neglect; which shall seek to reach the children and educate them to true ideas of the rights of animals; which shall invite the cooperation of ministers and teachers and stimulate thought and expression through the pulpit and press of the country; and which shall have agents in the different parts of the different Islands, whose business it shall be to investigate cases and bring offenders to justice.

We have had the privilege of observing the workings of such a society established in Massachusetts some seven or eight years ago. Its complete success has demonstrated its necessity and its practicability. To give an idea of its method of work we epitomize its report for *one year:*

The society published 12,000 copies of an essay on stock transportation; 30,000 essays on the check-rein; 50,000 small tracts, distributed at Agricultural Fairs, &c.; 130,000 copies of its paper *Our Dumb Animals;* 6,000 copies of the statute on cruelty to animals; several hundred circulars on robbing bird's nests, shooting-matches, and to butchers and drovers in regard to shelter for cattle; 1,000 essays on horse-shoeing were sent to the black-smiths of the State; 200 prizes were distributed to scholars of Boston schools for compositions on "kindness to animals." An agent was employed to travel over railroads in New England west to Chicago, investigating stock-transportation and slaughtering; an animals' home was established; check-rein signs were erected at the foot of steep hills; drinking troughs were located at several points; hundreds of old and disabled horses were killed, hundreds of others were withdrawn from work. Three hundred persons were prosecuted for cruelty to animals, and more than two thousand cases investigated; a national law was secured in Congress to prevent cruelties in the transportation of cattle; and several other States were induced to pass laws and form societies.

Is not this a splendid record and could not much of the same kind of work be done here? We hope to see the matter agitated.

Through the kindness of Mr. Derby, the Y. M. C. A. has held two Sabbath vesper services in the circus tent on the Esplanade during the past month. The first, on the evening of Sept. 2d, was very fully attended. The music was led by the Band and was of itself an educating and elevating influence. The attendance on the second evening was somewhat smaller, owing in part, no doubt, to the fact that but short notice was given. The design of these meetings is to reach a class who do not ordinarily attend divine service. One man was heard to remark that he had not been inside a church for over three years, but he would give five dollars toward the expense of repeating the tent service. This looks as though the design was being accomplished. We earnestly request those who ordinarily *do* attend church to go to their usual places on the evenings of the tent service. It is especially for those who do not attend elsewhere, and the only evil thus far observed as springing from it is the depopulation of other churches. Another service will be held during the next moon.

The Tenth Annual Convention of the Y. M. C. Associations of Canada was held in the city of Quebec on Sept. 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th. The topics assigned and freely discussed were of an unusually practical and suggestive character. 1st. What is your association doing for young men? (*a*) railroad men, (*b*) commercial travellers, (*c*) students and professional men, (*d*) young men out of employment. 2nd. The necessity for an interchange of sympathy and experience of associations: how can this be attained. 3rd. The duty and joyfulness of personal effort in winning souls: how can it be done most effectually. 4th. How to use the Bible in our work. 5th. Y. M. C. Associations: what is their work in towns. 6th. Young men at home: how can they use their homes to benefit strangers?

The longer I live the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rule which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters: 1st. To hear as little as possible whatever is to the prejudice of others. 2nd. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3rd. Never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an evil report. 4th. Always to moderate as far as I can the unkindness which is expressed toward others. 5th. Always to believe that if the other side were heard a very different account would be given to the matter.—*Carew.*